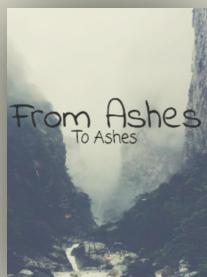




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From Ashes to Ashes

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Chapter 1 by Christina Adkins

A song can easily make or break a day, when it comes on the radio. The energetic, happy songs make me feel independent and free. I dance along to them joyously, smiling and singing along like I'm the artist themselves. The sad songs make me get emotional. They always make me sad, think of the things I so desperately try to avoid thinking about. Where do random thoughts come from? They flood you viciously, vividly, without invitation, without warning.

Chapter 2 by kristen.



They come marching down one by one, scattered around and running like maniacs, jumping into my subconsciousness and begging for attention.

And sometimes when they hear a certain song, a spark shoots through various brain waves and passage ways and all of the sudden...I can only see your big brown eyes.

And this is because sometimes the thoughts in my head are inevitable and uncontrollable, and sometimes they end up being my worst enemy.

The thoughts cascade down spiral staircases and pound on my heart like i'm breathing too hard.

And the thoughts in my head are like a never ending loop, playing over and over again, plucking slowly at their strings.

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But in the end, those thoughts

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Chapter 3 by Christina Adkins



Every note of every melody brings me back to memories of us. The light hearted ones remind me of those warm summer nights, riding dirt roads with the radio blasting without a care in the world. We would sing along at the top of our lungs, not caring if we were off beat and out of tune. It was the sweetest melody, you and I. We were like the perfect chord, every note, every detail of our being lining up in perfect harmony.

But the more serious songs remind me of how short lived our beautiful duet was, how deep and dark the tone of it became.

It's a tragic existence you know, to not live life without music, but to have every song bring me right back to us, to our final moments together. To the skeletons that I never knew existed, but that I can now never ask you about. I can never speak to you at all. You have your life, and I have mine. But the music reminds me that it's never ever. How do you move on without closure?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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